

POOR DOCUMENT

Graders Syrup IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS AND LOSS OF SLEEP

THE AMERICAN BARON.

(BY JAMES DE MILLE.)

Continued.

But all these thoughts and ravings were destined to come to a full and sudden stop, and to be changed to others of a far different character.

At last she appeared. There sat before him, and with the Italian; but she had changed from that demon woman of his fancies, who was to appear before him with this enemy to God over his sufferings!

Do you do you? Oh, answer, I implore you cried Dacres.

No! said Mrs. Willoughby solemnly. Hate him as I never hated man before. She spoke her mind this time although she thought the other was delirious.

It was Minnie, you know that he was fond of. Yes, oh yes, I never saw anything of him.

Then there was no mistake as to the source of this sorrow. Her own words told all.

Then the light was taken away, and the lady crumpled upon the floor. Dacres could no longer see her amidst that gloom; but he could hear her, and every sob, and every sigh, and every moan went straight to his heart and thrilled through every fibre of his being.

At last a pistol-shot roused him. The lady sprang up and called in despair. A cry came back and the lady was about to venture to the other room, when she was driven back by the stern voice of Girasole.

Had anything more been needed to destroy the last vestige of Dacres' former suspicions it was furnished by the words which he now heard.

Oh, Heaven! he thought; can this woman be what I have thought her? But if not what a villain am I! Yet no! I must rather believe myself to be a villain than her!

In the midst of this prayer Girasole's voice sounded, and then Minnie's tone came clearly audible. The lady rose and listened, and a great sigh of relief escaped her. Then Girasole descended the stairs, and the lady again sank upon her knees.

Now, of course that was all very well, and that under ordinary circumstances it might excite a sensation.

who altogether misinterpreted her words, and the emphasis she placed on them; and in his voice there was such peace, and such gentle, exultant happiness, that Mrs. Willoughby again felt touched.

Where are you fastened? she whispered as she bent over him. Dacres saw that her breath touched his cheek; the hem of her garment touched his sleeve, and a thrill passed through him. He felt as though he would like to be forever there, with her breathing over him.

I have a knife, said Mrs. Willoughby. She did not stop to think of danger. It was chiefly pity that incited her to this. She could not bear to see him lying there, helpless, unattended for.

She had no knife, but this was not quite true, for she now produced one, and cut the cords that bound his wrists. Again a thrill flashed through him as the touch of her little fingers, she then cut the cords that bound his ankles.

But if there were anything, would you try? Yes, freely, with strong emphasis.

Yes, freely. You will answer me one question, oh, could you?

No, no, not now—not now, I entreat you, said Mrs. Willoughby, in nervous dread. She was afraid that this delirious man would bring him upon delicate ground, and she tried to hold him back.

What! said Mrs. Willoughby, you mean to repeat, and darling Mrs. Willoughby's hand, he pressed it to his lips.

Oh, Articus! cried Dacres. Yes, she must honor him. But I must not say so to you. You will—you will love me, will you not be repeated. Oh, answer me! Answer me, or I shall die!

Yes, I love you, said Mrs. Willoughby, faintly. As she said this a cold chill passed through her. He had drawn her to him, and pressed her against his breast, and she felt hot tears upon her head.

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Oh, Articus! cried Dacres. Yes, she must honor him. But I must not say so to you. You will—you will love me, will you not be repeated. Oh, answer me! Answer me, or I shall die!

When the Irish priest conjured that it was about two o'clock in the morning. He was not very far astray in his calculation. The short remarks that were exchanged between him and Ethel, and afterward between him and the man, were followed by a profound silence.

He was clearly delirious now. Her heart was full of pity for him. He was suffering too. He was bound fast. Could she not relieve him? It was terrible for this man to lie there bound thus. And perhaps he had fallen into the hands of these ruffians while trying to save her and her sister. She must free him.

How may Heaven forever bless you for that sweet and gentle word! said Dacres

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